

TANEY COUNTY REPUBLICAN

VOL. 23. No. 16.

FORSYTH, MISSOURI, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1918

Six Pages.

PRUDENCE SAYS SO

Ethel Hueston
AUTHOR OF PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE



CHAPTER XIII.

Boosting Connie.

Connie was past fifteen when she announced gravely one day, "I've changed my mind. I'm going to be an author."

"An author," scoffed Carol. "You! I thought you were going to get married and have eleven children."

"Oh, I've plenty of time for them yet, when I find a father for them. Yes, I'm going to be an author."

"Can you write?"

"Of course I can write."

"What makes you think you can write, Con?" inquired Lark, with genuine interest.

"I have already done it."

"Was it any good?"

"It was fine."

Carol and Lark smiled at each other.

"Yes," said Carol, "she has the long-haired instinct. I see it now. They always say it is fine. Was it a masterpiece, Connie?"

"Well, considering my youth and inexperience, it was," Connie admitted, her eyes sparkling appreciatively. Carol's wit was no longer lost upon her, at any rate.

"Bring it out. Let's see it. I've never met a masterpiece yet—except a dead one," said Lark.

"No—no," Connie backed up quickly. "You can't see it, and—don't ask any more about it. Has father gone out?"

The twins stared at her again.

"What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, but it's my story and you can't see it. That settles it. Was there any mail today?"

Afterward the twins talked it over together.

"What made her back down like that?" Carol wondered. "Just when we had her going."

"Why, didn't you catch onto that? She has sent it off to a magazine, of course, and she doesn't want us to know about it. I saw through it right away."

Carol looked at her twin with new interest. "Did you ever send 'em off?"

Lark flushed a little. "Yes, I did, and always got 'em back, too—worse luck. That's why I gave it up."

"What did you do with them when they came back?"

"Burned them. They always burn them. Connie'll get hers back, and she'll burn it, too," was the laconic answer.

"You wait until she can't eat a meal, and then you'll know she's got it back. Many's the time Prudence made me take medicine, just because I got a story back. Prudence thought it was tummyache. The symptoms are a good bit the same."

So Carol watched, and sure enough, there came a day when the bright light of hope in Connie's eyes gave way to the sober sadness of certainty. Her light had faded. And she couldn't eat her dinner.

Lark kicked Carol's foot under the table, and the two exchanged amused glances.

"Connie's not well," said Lark with a worried air. "She isn't eating a thing. You'd better give her a dose of that tonic, Aunt Grace."

"I'm not sick," the crushed young author protested. "I'm just not hungry."

"You can see for yourself," insisted Lark. "Look at her. Isn't she sick? Many's the long illness Prudence stayed off for me by a dose of this magic tonic. You'd better make her take it, father. You can see she's sick."

"You'd better take a little, Connie," her father decided. "You don't look very well today."

And the aspiring young genius was obliged to swallow the bitter dose.

After the meal was over, Carol shadowed Connie closely. Sure enough, she headed straight for her own room, and Carol, close outside, heard a crumpling of paper. She opened the door quickly and went in. Connie turned, startled, a guilty red staining her pale face. Carol sat down sociably on the side of the bed, politely ignoring Connie's feeble attempt to keep the crumpled manuscript from her sight. She engaged her sister in a broad-minded and sweeping conversation, adroitly leading it up to the subject of literature. But Connie would not be inveigled into a confession. Then Carol took a wide leap.

"Did you get the story back?"

Connie gazed at her with an awe that was almost superstitious.

"I sure did," she said.

"Hard luck," said Carol, in a matter-of-fact voice. "Let's see it."

Connie hesitated, but finally passed it over.

"I'll take it to my own room and read it, if you don't mind."

More eagerly than she would have

Read Connie to know, Carol curled herself upon the bed to read Connie's masterpiece. It was a simple story, but Connie did have a way of saying things, and—Carol laid it down in her lap and stared at it thoughtfully. Then she called Lark.

"Look here," she said abruptly.

"Read this. It's the masterpiece."

She maintained a perfect silence while Lark perused the crumpled manuscript.

"Is it any good?" pursued Carol.

"Why, yes, I think it is. It's just like folks you know. They talk as we do, and—I'm surprised they didn't keep it. I've read 'em a whole lot worse!"

"Connie's disappointed," Carol said.

"I think she needs a little boost. I believe she'll really get there if we kind of crowd her along for a while. We'll just copy it over, and send it out again."

"And if it comes back?"

"We'll send it again. We'll get the name of every magazine in the library, and give 'em all a chance to see the newest author on the rosy way."

"It'll take a lot of stamps."

"That's so. Well, I have half a dollar," admitted Carol reluctantly.

After that the weeks passed by. The twins saw finally the shadow of disappointment leaving Connie's face, and another expression of absorption take its place.

"She's started another one," Lark said, wise in her personal experience.

And when there came the starry rapt gaze once more, they knew that this one, too, had gone to meet its fate. But before the second blow fell, the twins gained their victory. They embraced each other feverishly, and kissed the precious check a hundred times, and insisted that Connie was the cleverest little darling that ever lived on earth. Then, when Connie, with their father and aunt, was sitting in unsuspecting quiet, they tripped in upon her.

"We have something to read to you," said Carol beaming paternally at Connie.

"Listen attentively. Put down your paper, father. It's important. Go on Larkie."

"My dear Miss Starr," read Lark. "We are very much pleased with your story. Connie sprang suddenly from her chair. 'Your story, 'When the Rule Worked Backwards.' We are placing it in one of our early numbers, and shall be glad at any time to have the pleasure of examining more of your work. We inclose our check for forty-five dollars. Thanking you, and assuring you of the satisfaction with which we have read your story, I am,

"Very cordially yours,"

"Tea, lalalala!" sang the twins, dancing around the room, waving one the letter, the other the check.

Connie's face was pale, and she caught her head with both hands, laughing nervously. "I'm going round," she gasped. "Stop me."

Carol promptly pushed her down in a chair and sat upon her lap.

"Pretty good—eh, what?"

"Oh, Carol, don't say that, it sounds awful," cautioned Lark.

"What do you think about it, Connie? Pretty fair boost for a struggling young author, don't you think? Family, arise! The Chautauqua salute! We have arrived. Connie is an author. Forty-five dollars!"

"But however did you do it?" wondered Connie breathlessly.

"Why, we sent it out, and—"

"Just once?"

"Alas, no—we sent it seven times." Connie laughed excitedly. "Oh, oh!—forty-five dollars! Think of it, father!"

"Where's the story," he asked, a little jealously. "Why didn't you let me look it over, Connie?"

"Oh, father, I—couldn't. I—I felt shy about it. You don't know how it is, father, but—we want to keep them hidden. We don't get proud of them until they've been accepted."

"Forty-five dollars," Aunt Grace kissed her warmly. "And the letter is worth a hundred times more to us than that. And when we see the story—"

"We'll go thirds on the money, twins," said Connie.

The twins looked eager, but conscientious. "No," they said, "it's just a boost, you know. We can't take the money."

"Oh, you've got to go thirds. You ought to have it all. I would have burned it."

"No, Connie," said Carol, "we know you aren't worth devotion like ours, but we donate it just the same—it's gratis."

"All right," said Connie. "I know what you want, anyhow. Come on, auntie, let's go down town. I'm afraid that silver silk mull will be sold before we get there."

A "Whiz-Bang" from Empey

"What is war? War is smashing the enemy, killing them, destroying them, wiping them out."

"In a few months long casualty lists will appear in the newspapers and in front of newspaper offices. Names of dear ones will constantly appear in these lists under the captions: Killed, Wounded, Missing."

"We will read a name in these lists and then, in imagination, will cross the Atlantic and see what it means."

"We are in France. It is night. We come to a ruined, shell-destroyed village. In the red glare of a bursting German shell we see piles of broken bricks, and stone, shattered walls and streets choked with scattered debris."

"We pass into a field dotted with shell holes and huge piles of tossed up earth."

"Another shell bursts and in its blood red light we see a dark, strange-looking object in front of us. It is an artillery limber and a gun, demolished by a shell. Dead men and horses are lying around it. What is that shapeless object huddled against the hub of that spokeless wheel? It is the mangled body of one of our boys, one of our Sammies, perhaps our father, our husband, our brother, our sweetheart. He is in the uniform of Uncle Sam. His name we read in the casualty list."

"Americans, if you want these casualty lists to lengthen day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, just sit in idleness."

"But if you want to shorten them and see Sammy come marching home, with a German helmet on his bayonet, and 'Me und Gott' by the scruff of the neck, get out and do your bit, and DO IT NOW."

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY.

Empey is an American boy who got into the war two years ahead of his country, fought for a year and a half, till he fell, desperately wounded. He tells his experience in

OVER THE TOP

the most thrilling story of the war yet written. It will be published as a serial in this paper, beginning March 21st. Read it, and learn what war is.

The twins fell upon her ecstatically.

"Oh, Connie, you mustn't. We can't allow it. Oh, of course if you insist, dearest, only—"

And then they rushed to find hats and gloves for their generous sister and devoted aunt.

The second story came back in due time, but with the boost still strong in her memory, and with the fifteen dollars in the bank, Connie bore it bravely and started it traveling once more. Most of the stories never did find a permanent lodging place, and Connie carried an old box to the attic for a repository for her mental fruits that couldn't make friends away from home. But she never despaired again.

And the twins, after their own manner, calmly took to themselves full credit for the career which they believed by not far before her.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Millionaire's Son.

"If Jim doesn't ask for a date for the concert next week, Lark, let's snub him good."

"Oh, don't worry. He always asks. You have that same discussion every time there's anything going on. It's just a waste of time."

Mr. Starr looked up from his mail. "Complexion and boys with Lark, Connie, if you begin that nonsense you'll get spanked. One member of my family shall rise above it, if I have to do it with force."

Connie blushed.

The twins broke into open derision.

"Connie! Oh, yes, Connie's above that nonsense."

"Connie's the worst in the family, father, only she's one of those reserved, supercilious sons who doesn't tell everything she knows."

"Nonsense," I wish father could have heard Lee Hanson last night. It would have been a revelation to him. 'Aw, go on, Connie, give us a kiss,'"

Connie caught her lips between her teeth. Her face was scarlet.

"Twins!"

"It's a fact, father. He kept us awake. 'Aw, go on, Connie, be good to a fellow.'"

"I—I—" began Connie defensively.

"Well, we know it. Don't interrupt when we're telling things. You always spoil a good story by cutting in. 'Aw, go on, Connie, go on, now!' And Connie said—" The twins rocked off in a paroxysm of laughter, and Connie flashed a murderous look at them.

"Well, I—"

"Give us time, Connie. We're coming to that. And Connie said, 'I'm going in now; I'm sleepy.'"

"I didn't—father, I didn't!"

"Well, you might have said a worse thing than that," he told her sadly.

"I mean—I—"



"It's a Shame," He Said, and Again: "What a Shame!"

His son is going West and Andy is sending him around this way to see me and meet my family. He'll be here this afternoon. Isn't it a shame?"

"Isn't it lovely?" exclaimed Carol.

"We can use him to make Jim Forrest jealous if he doesn't ask for that date?"

And she rose up and kissed her father.

"Will you kindly get back to your seat, young lady, and not interfere with my thoughts?" he reproved her sternly but with twinkling eyes. "The

trouble is I have to go to Fort Madison on the noon train for that Epworth League convention. I'd like to see that boy. Andy's done well, I guess. I've always heard so. He's a millionaire, they say."

For a long second his daughters gazed at him speechlessly.

Then, "A millionaire's son," Lark faltered feebly.

"But I have to go to Fort Madison. I am on the program tonight. There's the puzzle."

"Oh, father, you can leave him to us," volunteered Lark. "We'll be lovely, just lovely. A millionaire's son! Oh, yes, daddy, you can trust him to us all right."

At last he caught the drift of their enthusiasm. "Ah! I see! That fatal charm. You're sure you'll treat him nicely?"

"Oh, yes, father, so sure. A millionaire's son. We've never even seen one yet."

"Now, look here, girls, fix the house up and carry it off the best you can. I'll be gone until the end of the week, since I'm on for the last night, too. Will you do your best?"

After his departure, Carol gathered the family forces about her without a moment's delay.

"A millionaire's son," she prefaced her remarks, and as she had expected, was rewarded with immediate attention. "Now, for darling father's sake, we've got to manage this thing the very best we can. We have to make this Andy Hedges, millionaire's son, think we're just about all right, for father's sake. We must have a generous dinner, to start with. We'll plan that a little later. Now I think, Aunt Grace, lovely, it would be nice for you to wear your lavender lace gown, and look delicate, don't you? A chaperon auntie in poor health is so aristocratic. You must wear the lavender satin slippers and have a bottle of cologne to lift frequently to your sensitive nostrils."

"Why, Carol, William wouldn't like it!"

"Wouldn't like it!" ejaculated the schemer in surprise. "Wouldn't like it! Why wouldn't he like it? Didn't he tell us to create a good impression? Well, this is it. You'll make a lovely semi-invalid auntie. You must have a faintly perfumed handkerchief to press to your eyes now and then. It isn't hot enough for you slowly to yield a graceful fan, but we can get along without it."

"But, Carol—"

"Think how pleased dear father will be if his old college chum's son is properly impressed," interrupted Carol hurriedly, and proceeded at once with her plans.

"Connie must be a precocious younger sister, all in white—she must come in late with a tennis racket, as though she had just returned from a game. That will be stagey, won't it? Lark must be the sweet young daughter of the house. She must wear her silver mull, her gray slippers, and—"

"What are you going to wear?"

"Who, me? Oh, I have other plans for myself," Carol looked rather uneasily at her aunt. "It'll come to me a little later."

"Yes, indeed," said Connie. "Carol has something extra up her sleeve. She's had the millionaire's son in her mind's eye ever since father introduced his pocketbook into the conversation."

Carol was unabashed. "My interest is solely from a family viewpoint. I have no ulterior motive."

Her eyes sparkled eagerly. "You know, auntie darling—"

"Now, Carol, don't you suggest anything—"

"Oh, no, indeed, dearest, how could you think of such a thing?" disclaimed Carol instantly. "It's such a very tiny thing, but it will mean a whole lot on the general impression of a millionaire's son. We've simply got to have a maid! To open the door, and courtesy, and take his hat, and serve the dinner, and—"

He's used to it, you know, and if we haven't one he'll go back to Cleveland and say, 'Ah, bah Jove, I had to hang up my own hat, don't you know?'"

"That's supposed to be English, but I don't believe it. Anyhow, it isn't Cleveland," said Connie flatly.

"Well, he'd think we were awfully cheap and hard up, and Andy Hedges, Sr. would pity father, and maybe send him ten dollars, and—no, we've got to have a maid!"

"We might get Mamie Siskey," suggested Lark.

"She's so ugly,"

"Or Fay Greer," interposed Aunt Grace.

"She'd spill the soup."

"Then there's nobody but Ada Lone," decided Connie.

"She hasn't anything fit to wear," objected Carol.

"Of whom were you thinking, Carol?" asked her aunt, moving uneasily in her chair.

Carol flung herself at her aunt's knees. "Me!" she cried.

"As usual," Connie ejaculated dryly.

"Oh, Carol," wailed Lark, "we can't think of things to talk about when you aren't there to keep us stirred up."

"I'm beginning to see daylight," said Connie. She looked speculatively at Lark. "Well, it's not half bad, Carol, and I apologize."

"Don't you think it is a glorious idea, Connie?" cried Carol rapturously. (To be continued.)

County Court Proceedings

The County Court of Taney County met in session in the County Clerk's office January 31, with the following present: Geo. T. Hicks, Presiding Judge J. M. Holliday and J. G. Haskins, Associate Judges, W. R. Adams, Prosecuting Attorney, John R. Combs, Sheriff, and J. R. Gideon, County Clerk.

Court ordered a warrant drawn in favor of R. C. Ford for \$2150.93, amount due Forsyth Special Road Dist.

Settlement of R. C. Brazel, Overseer of road dist. 20, for \$44, approved.

Warrant ordered in favor of N. D. Boles in for \$4.50 for costs in the case of Frank Snowden, J. N. Beard and Oscar Jackson.

Loan ordered to Chas. McKeddy in the amount of \$300.

Road Districts outside special road districts for the county ordered as follows:

No. 1 comprise school dist. no. 1 - 2

" 2 " " " " " 2 68

" 3 " " " " " 4-5,

and that part of no. 71 not in Taneyville Spl. Road Dist.

No. 4 comprise school dist. no. 19

" 5 " " " " " 20

and 21 not in Taneyville Spl. Rd. Dist.

No. 6 comprise school dist. no. 6 63

" 7 " " " " " 7 8

" 8 " " " " " 9-10

" 9 " " " " " 12-13

" 10 " " " " " 11

" 11 " " " " " 14,

23, and that part of 38 south of south line of Sec. 21 extended to Waite River.

No. 12 comprises school dist. no. 16, 73 and 38, Sec. 28, 33, 13 and 24 and of Waite River.

No. 13 comprises school dist. no. 59 and 70 and that part of 58 not in Taneyville Spl. Rd. Dist.

No. 14 comprises school dist. no. 50 and 51.

No. 15 comprises school dist. no. 46, 49 and that part of 60 not in Boston Roadway Spl. Rd. Dist.

No. 16 comprises school dist. no. 66, 67 and that part of 52 not in Boston Roadway Spl. Rd. Dist.

No. 17 comprises school dist. no. 54, 22, 47 and 64 not in Boston Roadway Spl. Rd. Dist.

No. 18 comprises school dist. no. 53 and 61.

No. 19 comprises school dist. no. 45 and 55 not in Hollister Ridgedale Spl. Rd. Dist.

No. 20 comprises school dist. no. 56 and that part of 41 west of Hollister Ridgedale Spl. Rd. Dist.

No. 21 comprises school dist. no. 37 and that part of 35 and 36 not in Forsyth Spl. Rd. Dist.

No. 22 comprises school dist. no. 38 and 40.

No. 23 comprises school dist. no. 62, 44 and 75 not in Hollister Ridgedale Spl. Rd. Dist.

No. 24 comprises school dist. no. 42 and that part of 41 east of Hollister Ridgedale Spl. Rd. Dist.

Feb. 1, court met with the same members present.

Report of J. W. Bennett of Teachers Association fund allowed.

Account of J. W. Bennett for \$14.24 approved.

Account of J. W. Bennett for \$11.83 approved.

Acct. of Chas. W. Moore \$20 burial of pauper, allowed.

School Fund Bond of C. H. McKeddy approved.

Acct. of J. E. Booth for \$900 for work performed on Brown Branch bridge allowed.

Feb. 2, court met with same members present.

Court ordered the following persons be notified to pay interest on County loan on or before regular May term of court, or suit would be instituted to recover interest and principal:

W. T. Redman, A. H. Wilson, B. Y. Everett, W. H. Adams, J. J. Valentine, John Davidson, S. P. Day, J. T. Warren,

(Continued on Page Three.)